(Name of Project)

by

(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by

(Names of Subsequent Writers, in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by

(Current Writer, date)
Name
Address
Phone
KEN
Blow on it, How does it taste?

AMANDA
I don’t know if I can handle it.

KEN
Try baby, open up. You’ve got to get something down.

AMANDA
I can’t, I’ve had enough.

KEN
One more, who’s the little baby bird?

AMANDA
Ken.

KEN
Poor thing.

AMANDA
Ken.

KEN
Alright, I’ll just leave the bowl right here.

AMANDA
Oh please get rid of it, it’s making me nauseous. Why don’t you go get me some water.

KEN
Right, good idea. H2O...

Ken gives her water and sits on the bed. He stares at her.
KEN
Hmmm?

AMANDA
What?

KEN
Nothing, you're just looking really beautiful right now.

AMANDA
I feel like ass.

KEN
No. You're beautiful.

She hands him her cup.

KEN
Water...right.

AMANDA
102! I'm 102. I think I should go to the hospital.

KEN
Nah, just keep hydrated and you'll be fine. Paging Dr. Ken. How's my favorite patient?

She ignores him.

KEN
I was talking to Nick, do you remember when Sally had that bad fever a few months ago, and she was really sick? He told me that while she was sick, Sally got really turned on, and they fucked, and it was the best sex they ever had...mind blowing. He said her pussy was like a bowl of hot oysters.
She throws up.

AMANDA
That’s sick.

KEN
It’s his words, not mine.

She starts to read a book. Ken gets in bed.

AMANDA
Thanks for taking care of me.

KEN
It’s my pleasure. How long are you going to keep the light on?

AMANDA
Do you want to read to me?

KEN
Sure. “A year of pain and suffering”.
(reading)
Grief, when it comes, comes in monumental waves of pain. My mother’s death was...

Amanda turns away from Ken on her side.

KEN
...always the one that left the most pain in my soul...her debilitating disease...

Ken cuddles behind Amanda as he reads, attempting to turn her on.

KEN
...and Her vile physical breakdown.

AMANDA
What are you doing?
KEN
I’m reading.

AMANDA
You are totally pressing up against me.

KEN
You are really turning me on right now.

AMANDA
Oh my god.

KEN
What? I think it’s cute. I’m like the daddy, reading you a bedtime story.

AMANDA
I do not want to have sex right now.

KEN
I don’t either, but it might be good for you to focus on something else, forget about the pain a little, focus on the pleasure.

AMANDA
I have a temperature.

KEN
Perfect!

Ken rolls over.

AMANDA
What? What is this now?

Ken goes to the bathroom.

AMANDA
Are you masturbating in the bathroom? Again?
KEN
I’m brushing my teeth, but that’s a good idea...maybe I should.

AMANDA
Ken?

KEN
WHAT?

AMANDA
Come to bed.

Ken walks in.

AMANDA
Are you going to get back into bed with me?

KEN
I think I should, get some work done.

AMANDA
At one in the morning? Come to bed, and take off your sweats...

KEN
Really?

AMANDA
Take them off.

KEN
Are you gettin hot?

AMANDA
Yeah.

KEN
What’s your temperature
AMANDA
102.

KEN
What is it?

AMANDA
Sorry. I can’t. I thought I could do it but I can’t. Please don’t be mad.

KEN
Damn it. You are so selfish.

AMANDA
What the hell?

KEN
You love to humiliate me. You love to watch me beg and scrape. Want to see me do the monkey dance? Here I am, grinding my organ!

AMANDA
Is that what you were doing in the bathroom?

KEN
Why are you bringing that up? See?

AMANDA
Why is it so important to have sex with me?

KEN
Is it so horrible to just...lie there? You already gave your germs anyway.

AMANDA
Fine. Let’s do it. FUCK ME. Come on, FUCK ME FUCK ME FUCK ME.
KEN
Like I can get a boner while you are acting like a little bitch.

AMANDA
Are your sure? Come on my pussy is like fried oysters. It’s like a hot fucking PO’ Boy Sandwich down there!

KEN
Steamed Oysters.

AMANDA
Huh?

KEN
Steamed Oysters.

Amanda takes her temperature as Ken gets dressed.

AMANDA
103!